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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Lectures on the History and Principles of Painting. By Thomas Phillips, Esq. R.A. F.R.S. and F.S.A. London: Longman & Co.

THE Discourses of Reynolds spread the fame of the British Academy over the world, and the Lectures of Opie and Fuseli intimated the principles of the school, and sustained its dignity. Reynolds discoursed like one inspired when he had his brush in his hand, his colours spread, and his canvas before him. His pictures speak plain: his Discourses are occasionally ambiguous, and sometimes, we fear, not sound. Opie was a strong-minded man, and dealt in practical things: he spoke to the capacities of his hearers, and his Lectures may be termed useful. Fuseli had grand conceptions, and a deep poetic perception of whatever was sublime and majestic; but his words are sometimes wild, and his notions shadowy; and the students stared, but were not instructed. Phillips has much of the sensibility of Fuseli, without his ambitious flights and figures: he has all the practical knowledge of Opie, with a truer—a finer relish for the lovely and the beautiful: and there is evidence enough before us, that his sympathies in Art have, if not a higher, a wider range than those of Reynolds. We think, too, that if he had trusted more to his own strength, and the nature within him, he would have written better: he refuses to give his own feelings fair play: he seldom ventures upon an opinion till he looks round and sees how it accords with the sentiments of the great masters of the calling; and he might have known that Blair, whom he quotes, never had an opinion of his own, and was a creeper in all things where he ought to have been lofty. This is worthy of a lawyer, who raises his fame and fortune on precedents, but not quite what we expected from Phillips, who has both fancy and feeling, and knows—none better—that the great founders of the schools of painting followed their own natural tastes, and grew up like trees of different leaf and fruit—each after their kind.

In his Preface, the Professor endeavours to throw light on the assertion of Reynolds, "That an understanding and a relish of the excellencies of refined art, are attained only by cultivation of taste, and improvement of mind in whatever relates to it." "Men in an uncultivated state," says Phillips, "are most delighted with gaudy and glittering ornament, with bright colours, and strong or fierce display of passion; whilst those who are improved by civilization, prefer the combination of simplicity with beauty, refined and delicate unions of colours, a polished ornamental display of sense, and deep and clear but moderated tokens of feeling." This is ingenious, and elegant,—and untrue. Taste belongs to nature, and is a portion of genius: it is born with some, and acquired by others: you will find a love of the startling in senti-

ment, and the gaudy in colours, among the high-born and the college-bred; and an admiration of the simple and beautiful—propriety of action and harmony of colours—among the humble and the lowly. If he had said, that but few felt the poetic loftiness of historic painting, he would have been right; and that is what, we suspect, he aims at. The learning of Johnson did not hinder him from preferring the tameness of Hoole to the free, fresh nature of Fairfax: and all the knowledge and experience of Fuseli never inspired him with a sense of elegant simplicity, or the proprieties of action and expression. Phillips wrongs human nature in his desire to sustain the position of Reynolds: if true painting is only for the learned, the Academy may be shut up. If the Venus de Medicis were endowed with life, and took a walk in Pall Mall, we suspect that carmen as well as courtiers would gaze and marvel at her beauty. In truth, the loveliness of a lady is just as soon perceived by an illiterate mechanic, as by one of the dignitaries of the church, even before he has hurt his sight by crooked Greek and small Hebrew.

These Lectures are ten in number, and, though addressed to students, are worthy of a perusal by all who love art, and desire to become acquainted with the way in which its marvels are produced. They are written in a pure and clear style, with a hearty admiration of painting, and by one who shows that he can practise as well as preach. Yet there is little of the paint-brush and the palette in them: they seem the work of a private gentleman rather than an artist, and never offend us with the slang of the studio, or the conventional phrases of the children of St. Luke. The author seems to feel—though he is too prudent a person to say so—that printing has gradually usurped the province of painting, and that the printing-office is the academy for diffusing historical knowledge over the world. In truth, printing brought the Reformation, and the Reformation showed us that painting was a bad interpreter of the word of God. Since that period, high art has gradually declined in England, and the social and the domestic has taken its place.

There are four Lectures on the History of Painting, and the rest are on Invention, Design, Composition, Colouring, Chiaroscuro, and the Application of the Principles of Painting. The lecture upon Invention seems very masterly; it can only be comprehended by those who have genius, and must be inexplicable to the obtuse and the dull: here is a small portion of it:—

"That compound of memory, of imagination, and of judgment, which we term invention; or that exercise of the mind which is engaged in finding out the means requisite for the fulfilment of any given purpose, is indeed applicable to the sciences, as to the arts; though not in equal degrees. The philosopher, the chemist, and the mechanic, as well as the poet and the painter, require its influence in the prosecution of their studies, and for the attainment of the objects of

their research. But if there be one employment of the mind to which it may with more propriety be specifically attached, than to any other; one, wherein the means employed furnish less suggestion to the imagination for the furtherance of its end, it is painting. It is utterly impossible for a painter to proceed one step in the execution of the design it presents to his fancy, without its continued assistance; notwithstanding the advance of knowledge in the practice of the art. It directs his lines, it commixes his colours, it controls his arrangements of them; and, in short, having provided him with the means of proceeding, it continues to be his guide throughout the whole of his labour, and his main support. Such indeed is the subtlety of the art of painting, and such the power of invention, which the perfect union of its principles and the perfect application of them demands, that to this hour, the desire to see that union effected, remains ungratified.

"In this respect painting differs essentially from its most powerful rival, poetry; which finds in language, the common medium of intercourse between men, a ready agent, formed to meet, nay, prompting its purposes; whilst, as I have said, painting had, and every painter still has, to invent its means of address to the mind; as well as to provide, like the poet, the subject matter of it.

"Mr. Fuseli has said, in language as intelligent, as the idea it conveys is just, that 'invention must not be confounded with creation! Our ideas,' he adds, 'are the offspring of our senses. We can no more invent the form of a being we have not seen, without reference to one we know, than we can create a new sense!'

"In accordance with this just axiom, thus authoritatively delivered by one of the most imaginative of artists, we must consider man as a combiner, not a creator! That he can produce new images, only by the union in the whole, or in part, of those which have already been impressed upon his fancy; and consequently, he will be the greatest inventor, who, from active observation, has collected and retained in his memory the greatest quantity of natural imagery, and can render it again with facility in new and striking combinations—

Giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

The lecture on Design is clear and explicit: students should read it oftener than once; even the passage which we transcribe will be found valuable:—

"Possession of skill in design is one of the most enviable enjoyments of the painter; and to be capable of drawing a line at once correct and free, and fitted to his purpose, is to possess an instrument of power over all the attributes of the art of painting. It gives freedom and command of hand, from whence arise all the beauties of execution. It enables a painter to dispose every touch of his pencil with understanding, with clearness, and with energy; it exhibits knowledge, and aids in preserving clearness of colour: above all, it is the sure guide to the attainment of that vivid expression of character, the most engaging quality of a picture. All who have practised the art of painting must be aware of the vast advantage arising from the possession of such power.

"You may judge of the estimation in which it was held by the ancients, from the story (which is a well-attested fact) of the contest

between Apelles and Protogenes. To draw a line, to exhibit command of hand, either by delicacy or grace in guiding a point, had become the test of genius in a painter; and the example thus afforded was preserved to the days of Pliny, who saw it at Rome, a cherished monument of the talents of the Grecian painters.

"Such was the importance attached to design by the schools of Italy, that it was cultivated even to excess in the lower period of their existence. That excess, however, proves nothing adverse to the principle itself; it rather exhibits the sense entertained by the Italian painters of the strong claim its inherent excellence has upon our attention, and should operate as a guide to the true use of it.

"I wish to impress this strongly upon your minds. Our school, our national school of painting, is perhaps too much dependent upon the attractive and engrossing influence of colouring, and of chiaroscuro; and from what I have observed in our schools and in our exhibitions, it is likely still to continue so, if we fail in our endeavours to elicit in the minds of the students a sense of the value of lines. The liberal principles upon which this Institution is conducted, permit each student to follow in his studies the dictates of his own taste. Without being at all desirous of violating the freedom thus sanctioned, I feel it incumbent upon me to say, that I regret to find so few young artists who seem to think of outline for itself, as it will deserve to be thought of; or of the value of being able to draw a distinct character of form by it! Form is most generally produced, as light and shade corrects the figure it creates, upon an unformed and imperfect basis. Thus the figure is modelled as it were, not drawn; and in separate portions, instead of an intelligent, and well-understood boundary being created at first, to receive the completion afforded by shadow."

On Composition there is a very satisfactory lecture: here an eye, skilful in forms and in quantities, is necessary, and a tact at uniting the distant with the near.

"Composition implies order, arrangement; it poises and gives firmness to the figure supplied by invention, adjusts its degree of motion by concentrating or extending its sphere of action, in relation to itself or in unison with others: combining the consideration of the space to be occupied with that of the story, or the passion to be displayed, or the sentiment to be excited.

"There are two kinds of composition in historical painting. One is the offspring of the sentiment or feeling inspired by the subject; and its aim is to illustrate that subject, in the clearest and the most engaging manner; but making its beauty subservient to its strength. The other is merely technical, the interest it excites being dependent on the skill of the artist; the beauty of art is the paramount object of it, and the subject is considered but as a vehicle for its display. The first is the firm foundation, on which rests the glory of the composition of the Florentine school at its most perfect period; the other, of the less stable charms of the school of Venice, after the time of Titian: it is that also of Parma, to a great degree, and frequently of the Bolognese school. Each sacrificed the principle of the other to attain its own end. They please by different means, and will be enjoyed in turn by those who search in the various schools of painting for the beauties of each; and each offends those who narrowly have resolved, either to be pleased with that alone which is beautiful to the eye, or with that which gratifies the mind, regardless of beauty.

"As invention exhibits the genius of an artist, composition, with design, informs us of his taste.

"The purest taste, and the most perfect, is doubtless that which presents us with truth displayed with sense and beauty. But there is a

common acceptance of that term taste, in which it is now best understood, which relates more immediately to the application of the principles of painting than to nature; referring to a certain sense of beauty in controlling the use of the materials of the art, in form, in colour, and in chiaroscuro.

"When this taste is indulged, undirected by judgment, it leads to exaggeration in each department of art, for the purpose of producing the picturesque; and that class of composition is created which is entitled the ornamental. But those who prefer, like the lower Venetian masters, this mode of exciting interest, must be content with the uncertain and unsubstantial praise to which it is entitled. Uncertain, for it must depend upon an union of taste between the painter and the observer; which, if peculiar, can scarcely be very widely diffused: and unsubstantial, because it must always be associated with the fluctuating empire of fashion; and the inventive faculty of an artist, when employed in the service of fashion, is for ever liable to error. Truth and beauty are stable and unchangeable; fashion for ever varying: calling that beautiful or tasteful to-day, which, to-morrow, it may term trifling, extravagant, or common-place."

The lectures on Colouring and Chiaroscuro, are less interesting to the general reader than to the painter, who will learn from them how to endow with natural hues the creations of his fancy. The lecture most to our liking, is that on the Application of the Principles of Painting. There is much wisdom in the account which the author gives of the change which has come over art: but who can bid opinion stand still, or taste be stationary?

"Such change the course of time has wrought throughout Europe; and it has given a new direction to the application of taste; more especially in the practice of painting. It is a change which no efforts of ours can probably check; but which it will be wise in us, perhaps our duty, to endeavour to guide to the most useful end. The temple of religion is deserted, as far as painting is concerned, for the comparatively lighter employment of adorning the drawing or the dining room, and for the mere gratification of fancy; or, at best, the amiable indulgence of kindly affections. The condition of the art, consequently, is not now what it was, when, being an important agent in the cultivation and government of man, it was the creature of necessity; when the labourers were comparatively few, and its professors were honoured in proportion to their influence in the cause of religious zeal and enthusiasm. It is not now sought or encouraged for its utility; but having become merely the child of fancy, the necessity which cherishes it is found only in the feelings and desires of the few, who, stimulated by taste or affection, either delight in its practice or its productions. Its professors no longer enter the field of competition in the exertions of intellect amongst their fellow men upon equal terms. The amazing increase of general knowledge, the extent of scientific acquirements, the vast importance attaching to public principles;—all those powerful ties of social intercourse are now become so widely spread, and act with such predominating power on the stage of human life, that they render the influence of the fine arts, though not unheeded, yet less immediately attractive; and deprive them largely of the attention due to their natural claim to respect. It is fit that this unpalatable truth should be known, that those who enter the career of art may be prepared to meet the difficulties they must encounter, with firmness. Time and circumstances have wrought the change, and time and circumstances can alone re-establish that solid and useful employment of painting requisite to ele-

vate it to the station it merits, and has heretofore proved itself so capable of supporting. During the growth of the art in Italy, and elsewhere, the artist of necessity preceded the connoisseur every step in advance; and consequently all along received his support. Every improvement in form, in colour, or expression, had the effect of novelty added to that of excellence; and hence, in every stage of his progress, the artist found reward. In this respect circumstances are indeed materially changed. As long as the more finished productions of painting, wrought under favouring auspices, remain to inform the amateur of the power of the art; the painter of history may hope for support only when he has attained a certain, and that a considerable degree of perfection. The amateur is rendered adverse to the reception or purchase of pictures that are not in accordance with the taste he has thus acquired; whilst at the same time he demands original character of thought, and of expression."

We concur, too, in the following sentiments:—

"The pleasure derived from pictures of a lighter class, which are not calculated to excite strong and serious feeling, but are rather fitted for ornament—and such the general taste of our country, and the purposes to which painting is now applied, principally demands; the pleasure, I say, derivable from such pictures, is owing to the perfection of the art which they exhibit, to the beauty of the imagery they present, the clearness and harmony of their colouring, the propriety and beauty of their arrangement of light and shade, and the skill with which all the peculiar qualities of the art of painting may have been employed in producing them. Just as in the lighter species of poetry, we are charmed by the maintenance of vivacity, the excellence of versification, the neatness and acuteness of humour or of emphasis, and the fullness of point; not requiring in them the high tone of epic or of tragic composition. The critic or the connoisseur in painting, may very naturally find more pleasure in one class of subjects than in another; but he ought to consider with regard to every picture, not whether it be like his own favoured style, and composed of his own favoured objects, but whether it be a faithful transcript of nature under the circumstances intended to be represented? And if the images it presents be true and perfect in their kind, well composed, and have appropriate effect, then he may find the true object of painting obtained; and the art employed deserving of admiration.

"To meet the varieties of taste thus engendered, the knowledge and the employment of the principles of art become of most extreme importance: for, though the knowledge of rules cannot impart genius, or give that power of imagination which delights in the production of novelties, it may regulate its labours, and prevent, or correct its indulgence in absurdity or extravagance, too often the result of a search after novelty. No kind of subject is above or beneath the reach of principles thus employed; and no man of sound talent will disdain the application of them, when once informed of the useful confidence they inspire."

We have been much pleased with the perusal of these compositions: we saw some time ago that Mr. Phillips was engaged on the *Lives of the British Painters*—the subject is worthy of him, and we wish him success.

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.
Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. London:
Longman & Co.

WE have some suspicion that the reign of women, so long predicted, is about to commence: they already stand all but first in

story and song; they are triumphing in the Annuals as contributors; and, as we know from experience they are eager, sharp, and sarcastic in conversation, we are not without dread that they will commence a critical review, and undo us every way. It is, as our male readers may imagine, with no good-will that we declare that two editoresses, under pretence of interesting children, in the 'Juvenile Forget-Me-Not' and the 'Juvenile Souvenir,' have written more to the satisfaction of the grave and the gay, than some who boast the "designating beard," have been able to do in works of more sinewy promise. Mrs. Watts has given us a little volume every way beautiful; yet the exterior elegance will be forgotten in the interior entertainment; here, as elsewhere, the ladies are in the ascendant. There are some very interesting papers to which no writer's name is attached; we impute them to Mrs. Watts, of whose taste and talent we have had many proofs; others are by Miss Agnes Strickland; the best are by Mary Howitt: her powers are much to our taste in prose, but more so in poetry; in the latter she is all ease and nature. With what truth and tenderness she pours her feelings out in the presence of a Fisher-boy, who is represented standing with his net on a rocky shore:—

Ah! Fisher Boy, I well know thee,
Brother thou art to Marion Lee!
What, didst thou think I knew thee not?
Couldst thou believe I had forgot?
For shame, for shame! what? I forget
The treasures of thy laden net!
And how we went one day together,
One day of show'ry summer weather,
Up the sea-shore, and for an hour
Stood sheltering from a pelted shower,
Within an up-turned ancient boat,
That had not been for years afloat!
No no, my boy! I liked too well
The old sea stories thou didst tell;
I liked too well thy roguish eye—
Thy merry speech—thy laughter sly;
Thy old sea-jacket, to forget—
And then the treasures of thy net!
Oh, Andrew! thou hast not forgot,
I'm very sure that thou hast not,
All that we talked about that day
Of famous countries far away!—
Of Crusoes in their Islands lone,
That never were, nor will be known;
And yet this was the morning when
Upon some point of mountain land,
Looking out o'er the desert sea,
If chance some coming ship there be,
Thou know'st we talked of this—thou know'st
We talked about a ship-boy's ghost—
A wretched little orphan-lad
Who served a master stern and bad,
And had no friend to take his part,
And perished from a broken heart,
Or by his master's blows, some said,
For in the boat they found him dead,
And the boat's side was stained and red!

And then we talked of many a heap
Of ancient treasure in the deep,
And the great serpent that some men,
In far-off seas, meet now and then,
Of grand sea-palaces that shine
Through forests of old coraline;
And wondrous creatures that may dwell
In many a crimson Indian shell;
Till I shook hands with thee, to see,
Thou wast a poet—Andrew Lee!
Though thou wast guileless all the time
Of putting any thoughts in rhyme!
Ah, little Fisher Boy! since then
Ladies I've seen and learned men,
All clever, and some great and wise,
Who study all things, earth and skies,
Who much have seen and much have read,
And famous things have writ and said;
But, Andrew, never have I heard
One that so much my spirit stirred,
As he that sat with me an hour
Screened from a pelting thunder shower—
Now laughing in his merry wit,
Now talking in a serious fit,
In speech that poured like waters free!
And it was thou—poor Andrew Lee!
Then shame to think I knew thee not—
Thou hast not, nor have I forgot—

And long 'twill be ere I forget
How thou took'st up thy laden net,
And gave me all that it contained
Because I too thine heart had gained!

That a lady of such talent should obtain a husband of powers in verse and prose equal to her own, was to be prayed for rather than expected; it has, however, come to pass, as the 'Scenes in the Life of a Boy,' in this pretty Annual, will sufficiently show.

The Rise, Progress, and Present State of Van Diemen's Land; with Advice to Emigrants, and a Chapter on Convicts. By Henry Walter Parker, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Cross.

We think Mr. Parker has performed a useful task, by condensing into a cheap and portable volume, all the information respecting this young but interesting colony, which can be necessary to the emigrant, or interesting to the general reader, and which, before, lay scattered through various works, some expensive, and others difficult of access. To the critic, however, being professedly a compilation, it cannot afford much that is new or suitable for extract. The chapter which appears to contain most original matter, and to which we shall chiefly confine our attention, is that on Convicts, including some observations on secondary punishments—a subject upon which a Committee of the House of Commons has been lately employed in collecting evidence, and which, we believe, at present, attracts a considerable share of public attention.

By a late regulation, convicts are divided into three classes, according to their crimes:—

"The first class, which is to consist of the most hardened offenders, is to be sent to the penal settlement at Norfolk Island, where they are to be subjected for the remainder of their lives to labour; the second class, consisting of persons convicted of less heavy offences, and of whom there are some hopes of reformation entertained, is to be sent to Van Diemen's Land, or New South Wales, there to be kept to labour in chains upon the high roads, and upon public works; and the third class, consisting of prisoners convicted of minor offences, is to be sent to the colonies for distribution among the settlers."

For any dereliction of duty, the prisoners of the last two classes are degraded, those of the first corporally punished; while it is only by the most undeviating propriety of conduct, that any indulgence can be obtained.

On first landing, the convicts are given up by the surgeon and master of the vessel, to the Lieutenant-Governor, who inspects and scrutinizes them one by one, while the principal Superintendent points out the destination of each, assigning those of the third class to the different settlers in the order in which they applied for them:—

"The settler to whom a convict is assigned, then receives him from the hands of the principal Superintendent, and from that moment his course of discipline commences. As his new master conducts him to his house, he gives him an outline of what he is to expect—he convinces him that it is only by a close adherence to his duty—by the faithful and honest discharge of the labour allotted to him, that he can escape sinking into a condition far worse than any he has witnessed in England. * * He is speedily set to work, and he as soon finds that the only way to escape censure or renewed punishment, is at once to resign himself to his condition, hard as it may be, and to strain every nerve by the full

performance of his task to give his employer satisfaction. * * His duty is for the most part very laborious, and he is liable to be called upon even in the middle of the night upon any necessary or urgent occasion. If he is set to break up new land or to grub up the roots of trees, especially if he be unused to manual exertion, no labour perhaps in any country can be more severe; and it is moreover of that nature, of that stimulating kind, that the persons engaged in it are drawn on as it were to increased exertion, from the desire they feel to accomplish their work."

The beneficial result of this training, is best attested by the improved moral condition of the prisoner, and this improvement is inferred from the following statement:—

"On the 31st October 1832, the total number of male convicts in Van Diemen's Land, amounted to eleven thousand and forty; of these nine hundred and twenty-one were undergoing an additional severity of punishment, which the colonial regulations assign to offenders who have subjected themselves, by renewed crimes, to a second sentence of condemnation after their arrival in the colony: so that not one out of eleven (Doctor Ross reckons one in twenty,) again subjects himself to a second punishment—a proof that the moral condition of the convict is much improved."

With respect to convict labour, there are two opinions; one, that it must be dreadful to have the work of your farm done by burglars, pickpockets, and highwaymen,—the other, that in a new country, where men are scarce, and therefore more valuable, it is an admirable thing to get labour of any kind for nothing. Neither opinion is absolutely correct. The first is contradicted by the fact, that the settlers invariably prefer convict to free labour, "knowing by experience, that the freeman is often more insolent, more idle, and more dissolute than the convict;" but convict labour, on the other hand, also has its inconveniences, as appears from this anecdote:—

"A gentleman not long since received a prisoner as a ploughman. 'Well, my man,' said his new master, 'can you plough?' 'No, Sir, I don't know what it is.' 'What! and you are sent to me as a regular ploughman!' 'Yes, sir, they called me that, and you know I must not contradict them.'—'But what were you bred to?' asked his master. 'I be come from Coventry, sir, and I've been all my life a ribbon-weaving, till the day afore I was taken, when I was a-driving a cart.' There was no alternative but to try the man with a cart, which he contrived to break in pieces the first day. The next time he only broke the pole, and the third experiment sufficed to fix the carriage, with its load, a yard deep in a slough. The patience of his master being exhausted, he directed the man to cut down some trees, as being a more harmless employment; but he was sadly mistaken. The fellow contrived, by dint of real exertion, to cut through a stupendous gum-tree, the lofty branches of which sheltered the barn from the westerly winds and the afternoon's sun; and just a week before harvest, when the corn was about to be housed, he let the huge tree fall directly across the building, which it levelled to the ground. A farmer in England, on such an occasion, would scratch his head, lament his misfortune, and get rid of his servant; not so with the Van Diemen's Land settler—he repines not, but sets the convict to repair the mischief which he has caused."

A master occasionally gets a convict who will neither work nor learn, and on whom kindness and severity have equally little effect. In such cases, government are obliged to in-

terfere, and remove the convict to some penal settlement, where he has still a chance of reformation, but under much stricter discipline. Convicts have also from time to time escaped, and, settling themselves in the bush, done much injury to the colonists and their property; but the judicious arrangements of Colonel Arthur have in a great measure put an end to this source of annoyance. The colony was most troubled by those bush-rangers about 1815; and it is curious, that other convicts were the means of seizing and bringing many of them to justice. One instance is worth relating. Lemon, a bush-ranger, noted for activity and daring, had kept the whole body of settlers in a ferment for about six years. His usual place of concealment was the Black Brush, on the borders of which, was located Michael Mansfield, an Irish convict, who, for his extraordinary good conduct, had been allowed the privileges of a free labourer, and was at that time engaged in looking after the cows of a settler in the vicinity. In pursuing his cattle, which had strayed into the forest, Mike was one day stopped by two men in kangaroo-skin dresses, the taller of whom, armed with pistols, cutlass, and musket, he at once recognized as the notorious Lemon. They were at first about taking Mike off to the bush, but by judiciously applying a little of what Mike himself would term "blarney," he succeeded so far as to be let go, on conditions that he should meet them on an appointed day, at a certain spot, bringing with him flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, and spirits, if any were to be had. His signal was to be made by lighting a fire:—

"Mike promised to comply, and was allowed to go his way without farther molestation. On the day appointed, he selected one of his men on whom he could depend, and taking his musket and dogs, gave out that he was going to shoot kangaroos. When they had gone a short distance, he asked Phelim, 'would he like to see ould Dublin?' 'By the piper of Leinster! that I would, master,' was the reply. 'Then ye may,' said Mike, 'if you'll only stand by me and do a bould deed.' 'And wo't I sure?' said Phelim, 'only make me sarten of my setting my foot in ould Dublin agen, and I'll stand by ye, master o'mine, until every bone in this skin is bate to shiverens.' 'Well, I intend to take Lemon, and if you'll stand by me, we'll both of us just get pardoned, and you'll be sent to ould Ireland agen as free as the babe just born.' 'Then I'm the boy that'll lend you a hand.'

"Mansfield handed Phelim a trooper's pistol, and desired him to conceal it; and setting briskly forward, consulted how they should best accomplish their enterprise. A good deal of rain had fallen, and it was nearly dark when they reached the place of rendezvous. Phelim, with the aid of his tinder-box, proceeded to kindle a fire, and Mike, with flour which he had provided for the purpose, daubed his own and his man's clothes, to make it appear they had been carrying a load. When the fire began to burn, they cast themselves on the ground, pretending to be quite exhausted, anxiously waiting the arrival of the bush-rangers. In about half an hour they made their appearance, both well-armed. Mike spun a long yarn about losing his way, being overcome with fatigue, and obliged to leave the prog about four miles off, in the hollow of a burned tree, declaring he was unable to retrace his steps that night, but if the bush-rangers would give him rest and food, he would go with them early in the morning and bring them all he had promised.

As he concluded he produced a bottle of spirits of which they all partook, and agreed to adjourn to the bush-ranger's hut about two miles off. The hut was constructed of turf, low and uncomfortable in the extreme, covered with sheets of bark stripped from the large forest trees. The fire-place, also of turf, lined with stones at the bottom, was at one end of the hut, and within it a huge fire soon blazed. Some excellent beef was broiled, which Mike strongly suspected to be part of his own kine. They had neither bread nor potatoes to eat with the meat, but the two bush-rangers, long accustomed to such fare, made a hearty meal; the others swallowed a few morsels, and after finishing the bottle of spirits, they all laid down on kangaroo skins spread on the floor; first Lemon, then Mansfield, then the other bush-ranger, and last Phelim. Mike and Phelim snored away, but slept none. In the morning, Mansfield began to toss and tumble about to try if Lemon would easily awake; but finding that both the bush-rangers slept soundly, he cautiously withdrew the pistols from Lemon's belt, rose warily, gave one pistol to Phelim, (who was still on the floor), and concealed the other. He then went to a corner where the muskets stood, took all but his own, and put them in a pool of water before the hut; returning to the cabin, he examined the flint and priming of his own piece. Finding all right, he gave the bush-ranger a push with his foot, calling out at the same time, 'Lemon, you are my prisoner.' Lemon felt on one side and then on the other, for his pistols: finding them gone, he started to his feet, and drawing a long knife, was about to make a lunge, when Mansfield pulled the trigger—the ball went through the robber's head, and he fell a lifeless corpse. The report of Mansfield's musket awoke the other outlaw, who seeing his companion's corpse, dropped on his knees and implored mercy. Mansfield only said, 'Now, my tight fellow, be after taking that there knife, cut your master's head off, put it into that there bag, (pointing to it,) throw it over your shoulder, and trudge along with us.' The man shuddered at the command; and it required threats and promises of intercession with the Governor, to prevail on him to do the deed. 'By Saint Patrick!' ejaculated Phelim, 'its a clane job, anyhow, barrin' the bloody head. Not a minnit ago it was the sky of a copper whose throats were cut. Be off on yer ten toes, ye thaeaf o' the world, and bless the saints ye don't carry yer own ugly mug in the bag with yer master's.' They had thirty-six miles to walk, and it was night when they reached Hobart Town. Mansfield, however, went directly to Government House, and was most graciously received. The news spread quickly, and all considered Mike and Phelim deserved public rewards. The Government accordingly gave each a free pardon, and to Mike a grant of land on the Derwent; and to Phelim, a free passage to 'ould Ireland.' The prisoner's life was spared, but he was banished to a penal settlement."

The history, geography, productions, agriculture, commerce, government, and natural history of the island, are each treated of under separate heads. We regret, that respecting the last, Mr. Parker did not consult some friend who knew a little of the subject, and who could have saved him some very obvious mistakes, such as the assertion, that "the platypus is neither animal, bird, nor fish;" whether it is to be regarded as a vegetable or mineral, is left undetermined. The classification, also, is about as good as saying that Mr. Parker is neither *Man*, *Negro*, nor *Mongolian*. In other points, we can recommend the book. It concludes with a good chapter on Emigration.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston: Bowen; London, Kennett.

THOUGH this is a handsome book, with respectable embellishments, and some very good prose and verse, it has no chance in the market against our Keepsakes, Souvenirs, Friendship's Offerings, Amulets, or Forget-Me-Nots. It is a marvel for Boston; but not for London. It has a republican look: it is simple, without show or ostentation; and, if it pleases at all, must please by the graceful humility of its beauty, like a daisy or a hare-bell: lay it by the side of our more splendid Annuals, and it looks like Brutus on a visit to Sardapalus. We are sure this comparison will please our democratic friends: had Boston brought forth something more flashy and magnificent, we should have considered it as out of keeping with the character of the country.

There is much agreeable writing in the *Token*: 'A Reminiscence of Federalism' is a clever and characteristic story; the picture of a determined old democrat is from the life:

"There was one peculiarity about Randolph, that puzzled his grandfather. 'The fellow is so inconsistent,' said he to himself one day, after he had been reviewing his account-books; 'when he has money of his own earning he pours it out like water; gave the widow fifty dollars last week, but he seems as afraid of spending my cash as if I exacted Jews' usury; quite contrary to the old rule, "light come, light go." I have footed it right; eight years since Mary died—day after we lost Martin's election by the parson's vote; can't be mistaken; he's got through college, fitted for the law, and I have paid out cash for him but ninety-nine pounds, five shillings, and threepence, lawful! By George! the widow's brood has cost me more in that time. Ah! it's number one after all; is sure of it at last, and that southern blood can't bear an obligation. Trust me for seeing into a millstone. I can tell him he'll have to wait; I feel as young as I did thirty years ago; sound grinders, good pulse, steady gait. Ten years to run up to three score, and ten may last to eighty. Grandmother Brown lived to ninety and upwards; why should not I? when I quit, am willing Randolph, (wish his name was Silas,) should have it. If it was not for that southern blood he'd be about the likeliest of the Hayfords. All his obstinacy comes from that "I'll not disobey you, Sir, and even if I would, Miss Atwood would not marry me without your consent; but be assured, Sir, I shall never marry any other!" We'll see, my lord; while I can say nay, you shall never marry that old aristocrat's daughter. Just one-and-twenty now; guess you'll sing another tune before you are twenty-five. Time to go up to the printing-office; wonder if we shall have another Hampden this week; confounded smart fellow that."

In the poetry resides a spirit of quiet unobtrusive beauty, which will be felt by many: those who desire new scenes and fresh imagery, will find both in—

The Song of the Stromkerl.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The Swedes delight to tell of the Stromkerl, or boy of the stream, who haunts the glassy brooks that steal gently through green meadows, and sits on the silver waves at moonlight, playing his harp to the elves who dance on the flowery margin.

Washington Irving.

Come, dance, elfins dance! for my harp is in tune,
The wave rocking gales are all lul'd to repose;
And the breath of this exquisite evening of June,
Is scented with laurel and myrtle and rose.
Each lily, that bends to the breast of my stream,
And sleeps on the waters transparently bright,
Will in ecstasy wake, like a bride from her dream,
When my tones stir the dark plumes of silence and night.

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My silken wing'd barque shall career by the shore,
As calmly as yonder white cloud on the air;
And the notes ye have heard with such rapture before,
Shall impart new delight to the young and the fair.
The banks of my stream are enamelled with flowers,
Come, shake from their petals the sweet starry dew;
Such music and incense can only be ours.
While clear falls the summer sky's curtain of blue.
Come, queen of the revels—come, form into bands
The elves and the fairies that follow your train:
Tossing your tresses and wreathing your hands,
Let your dainty feet glance to my wave wafted strain!
To the Stromkerl who calls you, the boy of the stream,
I hear the faint hum of your voices afar:—
Come, dance! I will play till the morn's rosy beam
In splendour shall melt the last lingering star!

We are glad to see by the preface, that the proprietors have no reason to complain of the return which has been made for their exertions: the money which is embarked, and the labour laid out, should ensure speculations such as this kind reception from critics as well as from the world. We hope to see many more of these Boston Souvenirs, all surpassing each other in the attractions of poetry and art: when we advise the editor to procure a picture from his countryman Leslie, now returned to his native shore, we feel we are counselling him to his own profit.

A New Theory of Terrestrial Magnetism; read before the New York Lyceum of Natural History. By Samuel L. Metcalf, M.D. New York: Carvill; London, Rich.

The hunt after a universal agent seems latterly to have found especial favour as a scientific recreation. Philosopher after philosopher joins the sport, each mounted on his own pet hobby, and, as ditch after ditch is cleared, principle after principle vanishes from our view, until, at length, we begin to fear we shall be left without any principles at all—fairly "gravelled for lack of matter." Thus, sound is nothing but vibrations affecting the auditory nerve through the medium of the tympanum; light and heat are merely undulations, of different degrees of velocity—though, thank God! there must be "subtle ether," or "extremely minute particles of matter," or something or other, to undulate or vibrate; galvanism was long ago reduced to electricity; magnetism, since the experiments of Nobili, Faraday, &c. has shared the same fate; and now comes Doctor Metcalf to increase the simplicity by adding to the confusion, and declares caloric (the undulations aforesaid) to be the only true universal principle, capable of accounting for thunder, lightning, and capillary attraction, cohesive and chemical ditto, the pointing of the magnet to the pole, the solution of salt in cold water, together with trade-winds, gravity, storms, and the phenomena peculiar to living bodies. The process by which this conclusion has been arrived at is sufficiently simple and evident. Numerous analogies are known to exist amongst the imponderable bodies: Dr. Metcalf has collected all those between the laws of action of caloric and electricity, carefully keeping the discrepancies out of view; he has endeavoured to show that these principles are always co-existent, and thence to infer, that they are identical.

He has brought forward nothing new in his line of argument: we may, therefore, be pardoned going into it at length; in fact, he has no continuous line of argument, but throws together an immense number of propositions—several of which we have no inclination to dispute, but between which we

cannot perceive any connexion—and then suddenly announces himself to have arrived at his conclusion, while we are wondering "whereunto these things may tend." This conclusion is, that electricity is nothing but a mode of existence of caloric; or, that "they are radically the same subtle, imponderable, and all-pervading element."

A well-directed course of experimental inquiry would have appeared the most suitable way of supporting the truth of this assertion; but Dr. Metcalf seems to have an aversion to experiments, since the one he made when a child, of applying his tongue to a plate of cold iron while the mercury was about 15° below zero, the result of which was, "that the tongue adhered with such force that the skin was removed on separating it." From this experiment he inferred, that a difference in heat is the cause of attraction, "and that two bodies charged with caloric, one plus and the other minus, will attract each other with a force proportioned to the different quantities of caloric which they contain, and to the rapidity of its conduction from one to the other."

Pursuing this mode of proof, he endeavours to show that caloric is the cause of capillary attraction; then, of solution; and, lastly, of electricity. This he proves in the following manner:—

"It would seem obvious to the most superficial observer, that caloric is the cause of evaporation; inasmuch as the greatest amount of evaporation takes place in regions which receive most of the sun's heat. We may form some idea of the vast amount of caloric contained in atmospheric vapour, when we reflect, that a pound of vapour will raise the temperature of a pound of water nearly 1000 degrees; that its bulk is increased about 1800 times in passing from a state of water to that of vapour; and that all the rivers of the earth are supplied by its precipitation.

"What then becomes of all the caloric which must be given out during the condensation of this vapour? We know that thunder and lightning are most abundant in the tropical regions, and during hot sultry weather in the middle latitudes. Hence we infer, that the caloric of vapour, when greatly accumulated, is given out rapidly, in the form of electricity, on approaching a colder mass of vapour, which is negatively charged with caloric."

This must serve as a specimen of the extreme vagueness with which Dr. Metcalf states his propositions, and the extreme laxity with which he infers a conclusion; in fact, attempting a reply to such an argument would be a mere waste of time. The same difficulty of finding anything tangible, recurs through the whole book, which we may characterize as a collection of such sentences.

The second part of it seems more laboured, and is employed in explaining the author's views regarding the cause of magnetic polarity. This he assumes, also, to be produced by heat—or, rather, by differences in temperature between the polar and tropical regions inducing streams of caloric from the latter to the former, which streams are the magnetic meridians, influencing the direction of the needle, in the same manner as atmospheric currents act on the vanes of our church steeples. The centres of greatest cold are the magnetic poles; and an isothermal line, or a line running round the globe from east to west, and dividing its temperature into two equal proportions, would be

the magnetic equator. Of course the needle will point to the centre of greatest cold at the side of the equator on which it lies: this centre of greatest cold does not coincide with the terrestrial pole, because the presence of land within the arctic circle is a powerful means of producing cold, and land does not appear to reach the pole. Hence the needle does not point to the true pole, but only to a spot in its vicinity: this incorrectness is called the "variation of the needle." But in the northern hemisphere all needles do not point to a common spot; hence Dr. Metcalf infers, that there are, at least, two centres of magnetic attraction, or centres of greatest cold, in the northern hemisphere, of unequal intensity, and at unequal distances from the geographical poles: one of these is the Asiatic, the other the American, magnetic pole. Now, in America, the quantity of land within the Arctic Circle is three times as great as that in Asia and Europe; therefore the reduction of temperature is greater, and the magnetic attraction more intense. "The needle, therefore, obeys the American pole over two-thirds of the northern hemisphere—embracing the whole of North America, the Middle and Northern Atlantic, nearly all Europe, North Africa, and throughout the North Pacific to the West." This pole, situated almost south-east of Melville Island, in about longitude 102° W., and latitude 72° or 73° N.—was actually passed by Sir William Parry, in the year 1819, as was shown by the variations of the needle in these four observations:—

OBSERVATIONS ON THE VARIATION OF THE NEEDLE.

| 1819. | North Latitude | West Longitude | Variation | Where taken |
|---------|----------------|----------------|------------|----------------------------------|
| July 24 | 73° 0' | 60° 9' | 81° 34' W. | On ice 251 yds. from ship. |
| — 31 | 73 31 | 77 22½ | 108 46 W. | Possession Bay |
| Aug. 22 | 74 40 | 91 47 | 128 58 W. | Beach at Cape Riley. |
| — 28 | 75 0 | 103 44½ | 165 50 E. | S.E. point of B. Martin's field. |

Now, our readers will at once perceive, that, 90° being a right angle, when the variation of the needle is said to be 90° W., the needle, in place of pointing N., is actually pointing due W., for a line drawn N. and a line drawn W. are at right angles to each other. In this case, then, the magnetic pole is exactly due W. of the ship, and, of course, on the same latitude. But this must have occurred between the first two observations, when the needle varied from 81° to 108°; consequently, the latitude of this magnetic pole must be somewhere between 73° and 73½° N. The longitude of the magnetic pole is determined by the two next observations. It is clear, that as long as the ship was to the east of the pole, the variation of the needle would be west, but when the ship got to the west of the pole, the variation would be east. Now this change took place between W. longitude 91° and 103°, between which, therefore, we must look for the longitude of the magnetic pole; and a little calculation enables us to fix it at about 102° W.; which line the Expedition passed on the 27th of August, "and must then have been a few degrees north of the great magnetic pole." In this case, therefore, if the magnetic pole be the centre of greatest cold, it is evident that the most important difficulties had been surmounted, and that, in advancing towards the north terrestrial pole,

the ice should have been gradually disappearing, so that, on arriving at it, a fine open sea would in all probability have been found rolling there. Nor is testimony wanting to confirm this view of the question:—

"Passing over, as Professor Jameson has done, the pretensions of the Dutch whalers, who alleged, that they had been carried by winds and currents as far north as the latitude of 88° , or even $89^{\circ} 40'$, we cannot reasonably doubt the well-authenticated accounts of Wilson and Guy, who respectively advanced to the latitude of 83° , during the year 1754, and of Stephens, who advanced to latitude $84^{\circ} 30'$ about the same period. They all state, that the sea was open as far north of them as they could descry, and that the cold was by no means excessive."

We understand that the position of the magnetic pole is now finally ascertained by our adventurous countryman Captain Ross, to whom science is already so much indebted. He has actually been on the spot where the dipping needle becomes vertical, or points straight downwards; while the horizontal needle, having, as it were, no longer anything to point towards, remains indifferently in any direction given it. The situation of this pole, however, is not invariable; on the contrary, it must be constantly shifting, inasmuch as the variation of the needle at the same place is constantly altering. Thus, at London, in the year 1657, there was no variation, the needle pointing exactly north. In 1665 the variation was $1^{\circ} 22' W.$; in 1672, $2^{\circ} 30' W.$; after which time it went on increasing, but in a very irregular manner—sometimes advancing rapidly, sometimes appearing almost stationary, or even, for a time, slightly fallen back—until 1814, in the August of which year the variation had attained the maximum quantity of $24^{\circ} 21' 12'' W.$ It then commenced to retrograde, in the same irregular manner, though, if anything, more slowly than it had advanced, so that in 1821 it was still $24^{\circ} 11' 18'' W.$, and in 1823, $24^{\circ} 9' 48'' W.$ To account for this, it has been supposed, that the magnetical poles revolve round the geographical or terrestrial pole in certain unequal periods, their motion being from west to east. M. Hansteen has even attempted to calculate those periods, and announces, that the American magnetic pole will perform its circuit round the north pole in 860 years, while the Asiatic pole will require 1760 years. To the idea of revolution, Dr. Metcalf objects the extreme irregularity of progression, and the occasional retrogradation. He proposes, as a substitute, his own theory of the point of greatest cold; and, certainly, it will admit of sufficient latitude in the way of irregularity, as the alteration of this point would depend on the chance collection of icebergs, brought together by storms, currents, or other such causes. But we cannot see that this affords any explanation of the undoubted increase of variation, in one stated direction, from 1657 up to 1814, and its subsequent diminution; neither can we find that Dr. Metcalf attempts to account for the fact.

There is but one other circumstance to which we shall allude, as connected with Dr. Metcalf's theory. The variation of the needle at London, as we have shown, is now, and has been since 1657, a variation west. Previous to that time it was in the opposite direction, so that in 1580 we find it stated

at $11^{\circ} 15' E.$ In the same year, at Paris, it was $11^{\circ} 30' E.$; in 1666 the variation had vanished there, and since that time has become westerly; having held its maximum of $22^{\circ} 24'$ from 1807 to 1814, when it again began to diminish. It is therefore evident, that, in the early part of the 17th century, the needle through the west of Europe obeyed a magnetic pole different from that it points to now; and this pole Dr. Metcalf places somewhere about Spitzbergen or the Greenland Sea, but supposes, that, in consequence of thaws or some change in climate, it has ceased to exist.

We have thus attempted to give a view of Dr. Metcalf's theory, without much comment, or stopping to notice how large a part of it we had met before—in fact, as we said at the commencement, there is nothing new but the idea that caloric is the cause of—or is—electricity.

It might reasonably have been expected that Dr. Metcalf, who has made caloric the basis of his theory, should, at least, be aware of its ordinary laws, and acquainted with the proper signification of the terms in common use respecting it. So far is this from being the case, that each of the following assertions, taken as they stand in a single page, involves either an inaccuracy or a gross blunder. We have selected them, because they are made the groundwork of an attack on one of our best English chemists—Dr. Turner; and the cause of charging his book—than which there is no clearer, more comprehensive, or more accurate introduction to the science—with "palpable and fundamental errors."

We give the assertions seriatim, with the necessary modification or contradiction attached to each.

1. "Another proof that salts, &c. are dissolved by caloric is, that they again become crystals on the abstraction of caloric, or as the solution cools down. Moreover, the solvent power of water is increased as its temperature is increased."

Make a solution of sulphate of soda in hot water, cork it up in a bottle, and let it cool—not a crystal will be deposited; now draw out the cork, and crystallization will immediately commence. Sulphate of soda is more soluble at 90° than at 212° . Albumen is soluble in cold water; water at 170° coagulates it, that is, *makes it solid*. Chloride of barium, nitrate of barytes, and other such exceptions, will also occur to the chemist.

2. "Some salts are soluble in alcohol that are insoluble in water:" the cause of which Dr. Metcalf endeavours to show in No. 3, by proving that alcohol has more *specific* heat than water.

This is perfectly ridiculous as a proof: if we admit it as such, and admit the truth of the accompanying assertion, that there is more heat in alcohol than in water, then the whole theory, of heat being the cause of solution, is at once ruined, for there are some salts soluble in water which are insoluble in alcohol: it is sufficient to mention Rochelle salts, tartrate of potass, and sub-borate of soda; of other bodies, gums, starch, gelatine, albumen, &c. are insoluble in alcohol, and abundantly soluble in water.

3. "That the *specific* heat of alcohol exceeds that of water, is obvious from the following experiment. We put half an ounce of ice into an ounce of alcohol, and the same

quantity into an ounce of water at the same temperature, when the ice in the alcohol dissolved in 24 minutes, while that in the water dissolved in 28 minutes."

To the chemist we need scarcely say, that this has nothing in the world to do with *specific* heat. The cause of the more rapid solution is simple enough—the chemical affinity between spirit and water.

But the cause of all Dr. Metcalf's perplexity is obvious in the next sentence, from which it appears, that he supposes *specific* heat to be the same thing as *latent* heat.

4. "The greater quantity of *latent* heat in alcohol than in water, explains why it evaporates at a lower temperature than water, and why it is not congealed by cold."

Passing over the blunder of substituting *latent* for *specific*, and admitting—that he has not even attempted to prove—that alcohol has more latent heat, it is yet perfectly absurd as an explanation of evaporation, Ether evaporates sooner than alcohol, yet it is congealed by cold.

As the author's attack on Dr. Turner is in a note on these passages, and founded on the arguments which they are supposed to furnish, it is obviously unnecessary that we should say another word respecting it. We shall conclude by addressing to Dr. Metcalf his own very pithy question—"Is it not high time that errors so palpable and fundamental should be exploded?"

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. Vol. VII. *Marmion*. Edinburgh: Cadell.

THIS new issue of the poems of Scott becomes more interesting as it goes on. The editor, availing himself of the original manuscripts as well as the last corrections of the poet, has been enabled to augment the number of the notes, and furnish many valuable variations in the verse. The changes which Scott made, as 'Marmion' went through the press, are not so numerous as they are remarkable for the spirit of discernment and sense of propriety which they display. These cannot but be of value to his biographer: they show that he made alterations according to the spirit of the poem, but not according to the spirit of criticism; for the variations between the first printed edition and the present, are trifling, nor do we observe any part which the counsel of friends or the censure of enemies has amended. The illustrations are of great beauty—the 'View of Edinburgh,' by Turner, has been engraved with much taste by Miller; nor is that of 'Ashiestiel,' less interesting: it is very like, and the precipitous bank on which it stands, and the wide and gleaming river, give it a poetic look, and lift it into the air. The views from the birch-knolls, a little way below the house, and between it and Abbotsford, would have been equally beautiful.

Of the variations, we shall transcribe a few specimens. Our readers will remember the scene in which mutual taunts pass between Heron of Werk and Marmion. When the former inquires what is become of the page who used to be the chief's companion—whose cheek was often wet, whose tresses were so long and curling, and whose hand seemed less fit for burnishing a shield, than for fanning the cheek of a lady—the latter, in the manuscript, replies,

That page thou didst so closely eye,
So fair of hand and skin,
Is come, I wren, of lineage high,
And of thy lady's kin.
The youth so like a paramour,
Who wept for shame and pride,
Was erst in Wilton's lordly tower,
Sir Ralph de Wilton's bride.

The change in the printed text, is an important one, and affects the whole story. The account of Constance too, is materially changed in the language—

That night, amid the vespers' swell,
They thought they heard Constantia's yell,
And bade the mighty bell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.

In the language too of Marmion himself, when his heart upbraids him for his conduct to Constance, there are some interesting variations:—

Since fiercer passions wild and high
Have flushed her cheek with deeper dye,
And years of guilt and of disguise
Have steel'd her brow and arm'd her eyes—
And I the cause, for whom are given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!
How will her ardent spirit swell
And chafe within that narrow cell.

Every word which Scott changed in this passage, brought the lady nearer to our affections and excited a deeper sympathy in her fate.

In the scene where Lady Heron sings to the King and his courtiers, the manuscript has only six lines for a dozen in the print: how much Scott improved the original picture.

For all her heat was laid aside,
Her wimpled hood and gorget's pride,
And on the righted harp with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively air she sang,
While thus her voice attendant sang.

Scott was sharply censured for the rudeness of Blount's manners; but they are true to the character he conceived: he is of a rugged nature—loves the standard to which he is sworn, uses round oaths, and cares less for a fair lady or a courtly knight, than for an ambling palfrey: he is a sworn horse-racer, and the dark back-ground on which the young, the poetic, and chivalrous Eustace is brightly painted. When he sees Marmion's standard fall, he exclaims in the manuscript,

Fitz-Eustace, you and Lady Clare
May for its safety join in prayer.

The poet saw this was not in keeping, and wrote that rude and contemptuous line:—

May bid your beads and pater prayer.

The most remarkable of his many corrections, are in the concluding scene of the battle. The 34th section of the 6th Canto stands thus in the written copy:—

But still upon the darkening heath
More desperate grew the strife of death.

Ever the stubborn spears made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each Scot steep where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell,

Till the last ray of parting light,
Then ceased perforce the dreadful fight,
And sunk the battle's yell.

The skilful Surrey's sage commands
Drew from the strife his shattered bands;
Their loss his foemen knew;

Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Melts from the mountain blue.

By various march, their scattered bands,
Disordered, gained the Scottish lands—
Day dawns on Flodden's dreary side,
And showed the scene of carnage wide,
There, Scotland, lay thy bravest pride.

Scott seems to have written the prose of this passage first, and then added the poetry as an after-thought. Of the deeds of De Wilton, the manuscript says,

He hardest pressed the Scottish ring,
'Tis thought that he struck down the king.

Some will like and others dislike the notes from Jeffrey, and others of the critic's ungentle craft, which are hung to the text, like rough burrs at the fringe of a king's mantle. We like them: they show through what ordeals the sons of light must come.

The Poems of William Collins; with a Critical Preface. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. Geneva: Vignier.

THE name of Sir Egerton Brydges is one dear to English literature; with it poetic feeling, critical taste, and interesting knowledge are associated. The work before us seems to have come from the heart of the editor, nearly as much as the verses, which it contains, came from the heart of the great poet. The preface is brief, but to the purpose. That true poetry is not the offspring of chance, but comes from meditation, ecstasy of mind, and scientific skill, we have been told before: let us hear what a good judge says:—

"The contradictory opinions, which are pronounced in literary criticism, would induce the belief that there is no fixed test of merit. But it is far otherwise: the genuine proofs of poetical power are very determinate and precise. It does not consist in gaudy words, but in creative combinations of thoughts and images, which have the stamp of verisimilitude, and which are grand, or pathetic, or beautiful. The descriptions of the Passions by Collins are not mere expression,—the images themselves are invented, and have a palpable form, animated by spiritual fire. To copy nature by the medium of language is a considerable mental effort, but it bears no approach to invention. In this respect I think that Thomson as far as regards his SEASONS, belongs to a subordinate class of poets: his CASTLE OF INDOLENCE is rich invention.

"If it were true that Poetry teaches nothing, but is only a light amusement of the mind, it would fall far indeed beneath the high place to which it is entitled. I am confident that it conveys instruction of the noblest and most important kind. From what other sources can we so well learn the human emotions and characters? Imagination only can enter into another's bosom: we can catch but a very imperfect understanding of its workings from outward signs."

That a manufacturer of verse resembles an inspired poet as much as the shaft of a gardener's spade resembles a fruit tree in full bearing, we can easily understand—we are not sure that Sir Egerton is so clear on this part of his subject as he should be.

"The difference between a genuine poet, and a pretender, may not appear obvious to common readers; but it is perceptible at once by the least degree of taste. All is a pure though warm and inspiring halo; while the other is smoke, which confounds and blinds;—a factitious and turbulent heat which is sickly and oppressive. There is no swell in Collins's Ode, no ambition of grandeur; no exaggeration!—not a fanciful image; not a far-fetched sentiment:—the diction is transparent, the collocation of words the most simple.

"Let it be recollected that these 'thoughts that breathe, and strains that burn,' were all exhibited to the world at the age of five-and-twenty—and in the midst of a distracted life, gay companions, and alarming pecuniary embarrassment!—uncheered, unencouraged, unknown to the world; and even his few cordial friends more duly apprehensive of his learning and acquirements, than of the force and height of his genius! He reached notes far above his contemporaries, and sung to the winds."

He is, however, sufficiently clear and happy when speaking of the genius of Collins; he claims for him his natural station among the sons of the morning; for it is all nonsense to rank the merits of poetry by their popularity.

"Collins had the *CURIOSA FELICITAS*, as well as the ample range that 'glances from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth:—he was a much more exquisite classical scholar; he was much deeper and better read in the Italian Poets: he was imbued with all the spirit of the chivalrous romances. To the acute and severe reason of Johnson many of these appeared wild and frivolous. But it may be suspected that the passions of envy and jealousy had their share in the verdict he pronounced. Time has overcome this unfavourable and unjust decision. Johnson outlived Collins thirty years: but his prejudices did not subside. The memory of Collins's amiable character was cherished by him; the respect for his poetry was not superinduced. When the mental malady of Collins clouded and overcame his powers, Johnson, though eleven years older, was yet struggling into fame.

"Compared with Gray, Collins, though not perhaps so profound, was more natural, more impetuous, more daring, and original; his visions were less sought and studied; and therefore more simple and uniform. His thoughts were not so much chastised by philosophy; nor were his moral sentiments so abundant, so contemplative, or so deep. He did not draw so much from learning, however erudite he was. But he was lively and inconsiderate in his habits and conduct; while Gray was melancholy, lonely, correct, and subdued by family misfortunes.

"But we must not look for much change of genius in the accidental circumstances of a poet's life. The colours of his mind, and the range of his imagination, are fixed by nature. Burns would have been mainly the same in any station, and under any circumstances: Burns was less abstracted, and had a great deal more of the mixture of human life about him, than Collins. TAM O'SHANTER is the happiest of all mixtures of spirituality and practical life."

We are glad to see a work—though a very small one—from the hand of a man of true taste and talent. We are led shortly to expect Sir Egerton's promised Autobiography. There will be much told of Gibbon, Burke, and other fixed lights of literature, and more of genius of later date.

The Fleet Registers; comprising the History of Fleet Marriages, &c. By J. S. Burn. London: Rivingtons.

THIS is a curious volume. It appears that Mr. Burn, in collecting materials for the 'History of Parish Registers,' had occasion to refer to the Registers of Marriages solemnized in the Fleet; which were some time since purchased by government, and deposited in the Consistory Court of London. He has here given us some interesting particulars gleaned from them, and which tend to throw light on a state of society now known only by tradition; and even tradition had failed to convey to us a full idea of the infamy of these proceedings. It appears, indeed, from the manuscript notes of the officiating scoundrels, that it was no uncommon practice to antedate a marriage upon receiving an extra fee, or even to register, and give a certificate of, a marriage that had never taken place. Some of the volumes contain no less than 40,000 entries; and one man's fees for a month are entered at 57l. 12s. 9d.; and yet

Surely, the delineation of human character must be interesting, not merely to the indolent loungers and the listless child of luxury, but also, and quite as much, to the man of thought and reflection; and when society and its influences are fairly and impressively delineated, a field of philosophical speculation and a source of practical wisdom is opened to an attentive reader. But all this, it may be said, depends on the philosophical skill that presides over the narrative, and the experience or sagacity of the hand that delineates. Nay, not altogether so—not by any means so—for there are infinite diversities in the power of observation; and as for philosophy, we are all of us either philosophical ourselves or the cause of philosophy in others. Many a man without any pretensions to philosophy, may from the mere force of observation, write a novel which shall excellently well depict humanity, and furnish food for deep and curious thought. The mere observer lets all his characters speak for themselves, but the philosopher will speak for them, or rather through them. He will, as Goldsmith said to Johnson, make his little fishes speak like whales. And there is no harm in that, if the whale talks well,—only we have one instead of many. The story of Rasselas is Dr. Johnson prismatically exhibited,—and a very beautiful exhibition it is. Thus every writer of fiction will give you something;—he who thinks will give you himself; he who observes will give you others. Indeed, those who neither think nor observe, will give some entertainment and instruction—the poorest, weakest, sloppiest, trashy novel that ever was written, all about Nevilles, and Bevilles, and Grevilles, and Devilles, will at least exhibit something of the mind, or mindlessness, or characteristics of the writer. So, while you are laughing at the utter ignorance and profound stupidity of the author, you are contemplating a certain variety in human character. The next time you pass by a second-hand book-stall, if you are not in too great a hurry, just turn back for a moment and take up, 'The History of Mr. Neville and Miss Beville,' you will find it in the box marked, 'Sixpence each.' The pages are not overburdened with type, and in the course of ten minutes you may read through ten times as many pages, and if in the course of those pages you find nothing exciting your thoughts or furnishing you with materials for philosophy, I can only say, you have not a head worth a pin. But perhaps, after all that I have said concerning thinkers and observers, it may be true that every author can in reality give only himself in his book; some, however, are certainly less monotonous than others. There is greater variety in 'Ivanhoe,' and 'Old Mortality,' than there is in 'Rasselas.' But Scott was a great observer as well as philosopher, and while his mind formed his books, the world formed his mind. He did not give us merely the result of thought, but the fruits also of sight and hearing; yet, of course, whatever he reported from sight or hearing, took in some degree the complexion of the mind of the reporter; and this creates a new interest in novel writing—you not only see the characters exhibited, but the mind of the exhibitor too; you have the show and the showman also. It is well if the showman do not thrust himself too much before his own show. To display the absolute reality of character, is nearly, if not quite, impossible—and for this simple reason, that what is reality to one is not reality to another.

If every author has a peculiar mode of regarding and contemplating human character, every reader in like manner has the same diversity of apprehension. This may be made very clear by a political illustration:—a whig historian and a Tory historian would not give the same representation of the same facts, however candid and accurate they might both aim or affect to be; and in like manner a whig narrative, which

might be true and candid in the eyes of a whig, would not be equally true and candid in the eyes of a Tory. Nor could it be possible that an exquisite from the west end, and a plodding citizen in the regions round about the Royal Exchange, should take precisely the same view of human character. No one sees anything ridiculous in himself, but every one can presently discern the absurd and the foolish in whatever differs from himself and his own peculiar standard of taste and propriety. Thus we have an illustration of the infinitude and complexity of interest in the construction of a novel, showing, that while a novel may be to one reader or set of readers full of truth and accuracy, it may appear to another altogether away from the truth of nature, and yet not without interest or amusement, even on account of this very departure from accuracy,—or from supposed accuracy. But after all, there must be truth of some kind or other in every novel, with whatever scientific imperfections it may be constructed, and there must be something good and worth reading in all, but everybody cannot read all, even should they give as much time to the occupation, as Corelli recommended for studying the violin, viz. ten hours a day for ten years.

Novel writing has been considered by many as a low pursuit, exceedingly unintellectual and unphilosophical; and a writer of a great big book of travels, half lies and nine-tenths nonsense, has the arrogance to look down with contempt upon a mere novel writer; but where has a traveller half the exercise for skill and philosophy that a novel writer has? A writer of travels has nothing to do but to put down on paper, honestly if he can, whatever he hears and sees; he needs nothing more than the faculty of observation—but the novel writer needs not only to describe that which is, but that which ought to be and that which may be. He must not only select from reality, but he must so embellish it, that no original shall know his own portrait. His knowledge too must not be confined to any one branch or to any one science, but he must have some knowledge of all knowledge, and he must know how knowledge influences those who possess it. His descriptions must be exceedingly natural, and yet not too real and literal—he must give conversations which everybody seems to have heard, but which, in fact, nobody e... as heard, he must depict characters so truly, ... t every body seems to be acquainted with them, but which no one can directly find amidst all his acquaintance—he must combine the elements of humanity naturally, yet not exactly as they are combined in any existing individuals—he must be able to sympathize with passion, but must have power over it—he must possess the ardour of youth and the discretion of age—he must be able to cast a softening veil of poetry over the harsh realities of life, yet he must on no account depart from the truth of nature—he must love his species well, in order to enter *con amore* into their interests and pursuits, and yet he must be alive to all their faults and imperfections, in order to delineate their characters truly—he must unite the penetration of Mandeville with the gloss of Shaftesbury—he must have a knowledge which searches to the root, and the taste which can admire the flower. In fact, as much may be said for novel writing, as Imlac said for poetry, and then the reader would reply as Rasselas did, "Enough; thou hast convinced me that it is impossible for any one to be a good novel writer."

EPIGRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mercury and Cupid.

Mercury, a cunning thief,
Found a thief his art above,
And confess'd himself with grief
Far surpass'd by roguish Love.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Auteuil, near Paris, October.

THIS is a dead time for literary gossipers—nobody is in town: our fashionables are idling under the shades of Fontenay, Montmorency, Bagneux, and Villiers-le-Bel; our booksellers are at their suburban villas; the press is at a stand-still; the theatres are empty; the actors and actresses slumbering; even the Italian Opera feels the apathetic influence of one of the finest autumns which we have enjoyed for twenty years. The English, it is true, rush in upon us in shoals; their carriages, drawn by French post-horses (rather shabby, I confess), and announced by the green veil of a London waiting maid.

As to literature, it is a blank: even our *dram majors*—those noisy fellows, the Janins, the Sues, the Balzacs—are leaning on their staves, and standing in majestic repose; while others are giving themselves rakish airs, playing fantastic tricks, astounding the town by scandalous elopements, running into enormous debts, fighting strange and out-of-the-way duels, or constructing Chinese pavilions and Sardanapalian bathing-rooms: these are just now the occupations of our literary men—not in Paris, for that is deserted—but in the environs.

A few books, as Molière expresses it, have ventured to show their noses, but nobody has even cut the leaves open: 'Lelia' is the last work that succeeded in awakening attention.

The 'Double Méprise' of Mérimée, has been indeed a double *méprise*—a double disappointment to the reader, and to the author, who never before received a rebuke from the public. The writer of 'Clara Gazul' is, in my opinion, one of the most worthy of French worthies. He studies man;—and nobody else in France studies anything but how to get a red ribbon, a momentary triumph, or a place. He is a man of sound and vigorous mind, and he writes in a clear, manly, pointed, neat, and expressive style. Now this is worthy of admiration, when the literary faith of the age is all false; when, to snatch a momentary applause, every romance writer tries to out-Herod Herod—to out-Janinize Janin—to evoke stranger monsters and bloodier phantasms than his contemporaries have yet done, and to talk ribaldry more disgustingly than the great models of the day. There is nothing of this wilful depravity in Mérimée; he wants impulse, it is true, and his palette has no warm colouring, but he sketches admirably, and is always true to nature; he is, in fact, an observer—a rare thing among us. But, alas! for the last three years, he has been a statesman, the secretary to Dargout the minister. The atmosphere of gilded drawing-rooms is fatal to genuine talent, and the genius of Mérimée has suffered in consequence. Stepping into the carriages of the new-made countesses; talking superfine nonsense with duchesses of the new court; or flirting with the authoress of 'Lelia'—are not the best ways to arouse deep thought or fine feeling. All the jargon of our fashionable world is to be found in the 'Double Méprise'; all the little dandyisms of the language, all the finical pretences of the new Tuileries, are there, like flies in amber. The work, in fact, belongs to your silver-fork school, but it has not the rich flavour, the quiet irony of Theodore Hook, or the occasional brilliancy of the younger D'Israeli.

Balzac has published lately, 'The Country Physician'; a very admirable title for a collection of stories; but you must not proceed farther than the title-page—it is by far the best of the whole work. This 'Country Physician' is a tedious and lumbering exposition of a plan for regenerating the human species. Balzac is a good writer of essays, and a clever novelist; he portrays admirably low and middle life, and his tales are sure to awaken curiosity and excite

interest; but he has a Bulwerian crotchet in his head—he must needs be a reformer, a legislator: the attempt is laughable.

Our really great men do nothing: Thierry, Sainte-Beuve, Mignet, De Vigny, are all silent. Victor Hugo, a remarkable man, indeed, but whose power is lyrical and descriptive, and not dramatic, is to give us, in a few days, a new drama. He is now going through the purgatory of the green-room—arguing, disputing with, humouring, conciliating, the several actors and actresses: Boccage will not speak the verses set down for him; M. Lockroy objects to his dress—and this last important question had nearly ended in a duel. In truth, nothing can equal the inane self-sufficiency of our second-rate players, unless it be the overweening arrogance of our third-rate booksellers. The stolid pride, made up of insolency and impudence, of the tritons of our Paternoster minnows, with the reflected consequence of their literary understrappers—the pickers and stealers for their Halfpenny and Penny Magazines—is quite startling: the Fuggers of Augsburg or the Rothschilds are but second-rate men in comparison. This is a feather that may indicate to you the state of our literature. We want here a sound, honest, and powerful journal, in which the pretensions of these microscopic creatures might be dissected, and then there might be a chance for genius and sound wholesome literature.

B. D. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society has recently received an addition of some interest; it is a model in wood, of one of those singular depositories for the dead, which are made use of by the *Parsis*, or Fireworshippers of Bombay. The model is constructed on a scale of two feet to an inch, and is accompanied by a remarkably neat ground plan and section of the building; it may be worth while mentioning, that the tomb itself was erected, and the model and drawings executed by a young *Parsi* engineer, named Serabji Dhumjibhoj, who has presented the latter to the Society, through the medium of William Newnham, Esq., Member of Council at Bombay. The tomb, to which the expressive name of "The Tower of Silence" has been given, is of the usual circular form, the circumference at the base being 175 feet, and the height of the walls 18 feet: an inclined plane leads to a small door about four feet high, placed in the eastern point of the wall, and opening on to a platform which goes completely round the building: this platform is divided into three rows, containing spaces on which the bodies are deposited, the first or outer row being destined for males, the second for females, and the third, which is, of course, the smallest, for children; there are thirty-five spaces in each row. In the centre of the whole, is a well, nine feet in depth and fifteen feet in diameter, into which the bones and remains are thrown. So far, the whole is on the usual plan of these cemeteries—but an innovation has been introduced in the present instance, which deserves notice, for the motive which instigated it, and the ingenuity with which it was effected. It had been supposed, that it was possible for persons to have been taken to these receptacles before life was extinct, as, in a state of trance, and that, had means of egress existed, they might have escaped and returned to their friends; it was, therefore, proposed, that steps should be erected within the wall, and a chain attached, to enable persons to descend, if such a case were to happen, from so awful a place of confinement: but, when this idea was submitted to the priests, it was condemned at once as a departure from the rules, which could not be sanctioned. The founder of

the tomb and his young engineer, however, contrived to build the steps and fix the chain during the night, and when discovered in the morning—having been undeniably placed there by supernatural agency, they were suffered to remain.—The "Tower of Silence" was built by a *Parsi* named Framji Cowasji Byramji Bannaji, to the memory of his daughter Dinboye, who died on the 4th of May, 1831; the building was commenced in the following month, and completed on the 3rd of May, 1832, occupying a space of ground comprising 3568 square yards.—A brief account of the manner of interment in these tombs, may not be uninteresting. The body is wrapped in a cloth and laid on a bier, which is carried by two persons to the sepulchre, and deposited on the platform just within the door; the body is then removed to its allotted resting place, commencing from the central bed on the western side, and continuing all round until the spaces are filled up: the tomb is then closed for several months, after which, the bones are collected together and thrown into the well in the centre, leaving the beds once more vacant. No person is allowed to assist at the interment, but the two employed in carrying the corpse; the parties accompanying it, being kept about three hundred feet distant, at a place made on purpose for them. Some of the rich *Parsi* merchants have private burial places of this kind in the grounds attached to their own dwellings.

David Roberts has returned from a sketching pilgrimage in Spain. We hear that he has taken some five or six hundred sketches. The Moorish architecture of that romantic land struck his fancy; we may look for the announcement of a *Peninsular Annual*.

Mr. Moxon announces a work, called, 'Hampden in the Nineteenth Century; or, Colloquies on the Errors and Improvements of Society.' The subject is alike difficult and important.

Lady Blessington, it is said, will edit in future Heath's Book of Beauties.

The Sultan of Turkey has presented, by the hands of Mr. Mandeville, recently Minister of Legation at Constantinople, to Mrs. Davids, a diamond ring, in return for a copy of the Turkish and English Grammar, dedicated to him by her late son.

The Royal Academy, on Monday last, filled up the blanks in their file of Associates with the names of Gibson and Uwins: the former is a sculptor of considerable talent, and the latter is a painter whose works acquired for him the friendship of Sir Thomas Lawrence. We advised them to elect John Martin, but the Academicians seem not to know what is best for their own honour. The country has certainly a right to expect that their doors will be opened to men of such genius as the painter of 'Belshazzar's Feast.' This close borough must be reformed.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Nov. 6.—The first meeting of the session took place this day. Several letters and papers of interest were read by the Foreign Secretary, a report of the contents of which will be given in our next number. A new volume of the Society's Transactions is in preparation. The Council will, for the future, be enabled to publish a volume annually.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society held its first meeting for the season on Wednesday evening, Nov. 6th, G. B. Greenough, Esq., in the chair.—After the minutes of the concluding meeting of last session had been confirmed, a paper from Professor Sedgwick was read, in continuation of one before communicated, respecting the dislocations which affect a band of limestone and calcareous

slate, separating the upper from the middle division of the schistose rocks of the Cambrian Mountains. The most interesting fact was, that granite had been found by the Professor shooting into more modern formations than it had hitherto been known to have connexions with.

Dr. Fitton read a paper of his own, on the strata found in a section, passing from Bopeep through St. Leonards to Hastings, which was illustrated by draughts, and numerous specimens laid on the table. Among these, were fragments of the *Endogenites Erosa*, a new fossil vegetable of so anomalous a kind, that our most skilful botanists are at a loss to conceive either its habits, mode of growth, or mode of reproduction. Some thin sections of it had been made, both longitudinal and transverse, for the purpose of examining its structure, which, however, was rendered very indistinct by the strong compression it had undergone, and by which its form had, from cylindrical, become flattened. This singular vegetable has been found nowhere but in England, and in no parts of England, but on the south-eastern coast. There it has been found in the vicinity of Hastings, by Dr. Fitton, and, at a point further west, by Woodbine Parish, Esq.; and by means of it, these gentlemen have been enabled to connect or identify the remote parts of the stratum in which it occurs, and which, passing deep in the interval, crops out at those spots. It is, on the whole, a most interesting subject for further investigation; the specimens are always found covered with a dark carbonaceous matter, while internally the tubes or vessels contain quartz crystals, and in the fissures is occasionally deposited a white calcareous spar.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows—viz. John Ward, Esq., John F. South, Esq., Francis Walker, Esq.; and the Society then adjourned.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 5.—A paper was read on the method pursued in ripening the seeds of pine apples, by Mr. R. Buck, of Blackheath, whose success as a cultivator of these fruits, and in raising seedling varieties of merit, well qualify him to report the plan he adopts: a second communication followed, from Sir C. Lemon, Bart., containing remarks on the growth of a peculiar fir, found in Cornwall, resembling the pinaster.

The subjects exhibited most worthy of remark, consisted of a new minuscule of great beauty, raised by Smith, of Islington; a queen and seedling pine apples, three sorts of walnut, twelve sorts of seedling chrysanthemum, thirty-seven varieties of apple, among which, we observed the true golden pippin; black and white Ham-burgh, grizzly Frontignac, and two other sorts of grape, and a very fine collection of pears. Those of the latter, named the Foselle and Nelis d'hiver, were particularly admired for their high flavour.

The next meeting was announced for the 3rd of December.

Charles Jones, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 2.—Dr. Gregory in the chair.—Iodine, and its chemical preparations, have only very lately been placed in the *Materia Medica* of this country. We, in our last number, reported that Professor Thomson, at the Harveian Society, read a paper on the medical virtues of the ioduret of iron. Its supposed specific influence on *scrofula*, so long looked on as the scourge of Britain, renders the question of its salutary qualities, we conceive, interesting to every reader.

The influence of this metal on the human constitution, formed the subject of debate at this Society, on Saturday evening last. By many medical authorities, it has been thought to pro-

duce very injurious effects on the constitution, although it might succeed in arresting the diseased actions for which it is administered. Dr. Roscoe introduced the question, by instancing a case where amaurosis succeeded its exhibition, when Dr. Bradley stated blindness to be a common sequence in the valleys of Switzerland, where this medicine has of late been so much used for the *goitre*, the prevailing complaint of that locality. This was followed by Dr. Copland, Dr. Ryan, and other members, all extolling its virtues most highly, and recommending it strongly to the notice of the profession. The latter gentleman had used it in two hundred cases, in a public institution, and in no one instance had it been observed to produce the least ill effect. The speaker appeared to consider it as one of the most powerful therapeutic agents we possessed. The President stated, he had lately officially visited the Margate Sea Bathing Infirmary, where there were upwards of one hundred and fifty patients under the influence of this medicine, and the report of the superintending surgeon of that establishment, corroborated the opinions and conclusions of the members of this Society.

Entomological Society.—This Society, which has been instituted and organized during the past summer, for the promotion of Entomology, held its first evening meeting for the season on Monday last, at No. 17, Old Bond Street, where about fifty members assembled. The Rev. Mr. Kirby, Mr. Spence, Mr. Stephens, the Rev. F. W. Hope, Mr. Walker, Dr. Horsfield, Col. Sykes, Mr. Westwood, Mr. Yarrell, and several others, well known for their zeal and acquirements in this particular branch of science, were present.

The chair was first taken by J. G. Children, Esq., who, after some preliminary observations, referring to the origin and objects of the Society, alluded very happily to the sincere gratification which all around him must have experienced from the presence of the great Master of Entomology, the patriarch of the science in this country, the Rev. Mr. Kirby, who had been unanimously chosen honorary President of the Society, and to whom he then resigned his seat.

Mr. Kirby, on taking the chair, was received with the warmest approbation and welcome from every part of the room. He was evidently much affected. He expressed his obligations to Mr. Children, for the very kind manner in which he had introduced his name, and to the meeting, for the flattering marks of approbation. He would do all in his power to advance the interests of the Society, but, at 74 years of age, he felt that much would not be expected from him; he could not, however, refrain from observing, that science was indebted, for most interesting and valuable portions of the work to which his own name appeared conjointly as author, to his friend beside him—and, here, the Rev. gentleman laid his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Spence. The meeting elected Mr. Spence an honorary Member, by general acclamation; and in returning thanks, that gentleman avowed, that he came to the meeting, and had brought his two sons, for the express purpose of joining the Society. He then produced a letter, which was read by one of his sons, detailing so much of the proceedings at the late meeting of Naturalists at Breslaw, as referred to Entomology.

After going through the bye-laws, and other routine business, the Members separated, highly gratified at the very auspicious circumstances under which the meetings of the new Society had commenced.

Harveian Society, Nov. 4.—Sir David Barry, in the chair.—Dr. Holroyd, presented a curious instance of the *scapula* (shoulder blade) of a horse, which had been shivered to pieces by lightning, without injury to the rider, or de-

priving the animal of life. The accident happened a short time ago, near Newcastle. The horse, being rendered useless, was afterwards killed. The muscles over the bone were found soft, dark-coloured, and disorganized. Their vitality had been destroyed by the shock. Whether the bone had been shattered immediately by the force of the lightning, or by the violent contractions of the muscles at the moment of their being struck by so powerful a stimulus, was a matter of doubt.

Mr. Cox then read a paper on the treatment of the insane. He considered madness, in all cases, to be a disease of the brain, the organ of mental manifestation; the mind, the spiritual and immortal part, not being subject primarily to disease. Hence the treatment ought, at first, to be mainly *physical*, and afterwards, chiefly of a *moral* nature. The lecture gave rise to an animated discussion.

The London Phrenological Society had their first meeting on Monday last, which was well attended, John Elliotson, M.D., F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Several books have been presented to the Society, by members of the Phrenological Society of Paris. Casts of the head and skull of Capt. Nichols, lately executed at Horsemonger Lane, were presented to the Society by the President. C. F. Wordsworth, Esq., of the Inner Temple, was elected a Member of the Society.—A paper was read by Mr. Drew, on the probable character of an individual unknown to him, whose skull had been sent him for that purpose; the test of the correctness of his opinion will be brought forward at the next meeting, by a Member acquainted with the life and character of the party to whom the skull had belonged.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

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| MON. | Royal Geographical Society | Nine, P.M. |
| | Medical Society | Eight, P.M. |
| | Zoological Society (<i>Scientific</i>) | p. 8, P.M. |
| TUES. | Medical Society | Eight, P.M. |
| | Medico-Botanical Society | p. 8, P.M. |
| | Medico-Chirurgical Society | p. 7, P.M. |
| WED. | Society of Arts | p. 8, P.M. |
| TH. | Royal Society | Eight, P.M. |
| | Society of Antiquaries | Eight, P.M. |
| SAT. | Westminster Medical Society | Eight, P.M. |

KING'S COLLEGE.

The newly-appointed Professor of English Law, Mr. Spurrier, delivered his Introductory Lecture on Tuesday evening last.

The Professor began by alluding to the usual practice of confining introductory lectures to an exposition of the advantages to be derived from the study of the sciences to which they formed an introduction, and to a discussion of the fittest means of pursuing that study; and, after disclaiming any intention of putting forth a mere panegyric on the laws of our country, to which, however, he attributed, in a great degree, our position in rank and consequence amongst nations, the Professor shortly noticed the extent to which a general knowledge of national laws is now admitted to be a necessary portion of every liberal system of education; and, for a more detailed statement of those advantages, referred his younger hearers to the introductory chapter of Blackstone's Commentaries, which, he said, would not fail to charm them by its eloquence, whilst it convinced them by the soundness of its reasoning.

He then dwelt at some length on the prejudices which he described as existing in this country,—and, as he contended, in this country only,—against law lectureships; and referred to the extent to which public lectures on other sciences had been encouraged, in the present day, in the metropolis, and in many of the leading commercial towns of the country. He drew a comparison between the Law and other sciences, admitting a greater aptitude in some of those sciences than in others, for being

taught through the medium of the lecture room.

"It is true," he said, "that there are certain branches of certain sciences,—those, for instance, where experiments afford the best means of illustrating the propositions which the lecturer is seeking to enforce,—as to which the lecture-room may be considered to offer peculiar advantages for the communication of knowledge. In mechanics, for example, in astronomy, in some branches of medicine, it may be admitted to exist. But where, (he demanded,) was the difference between the science of the law and the science of divinity? of moral philosophy? of political economy? of history? of the other sciences which are taught within these walls, and which, in their nature, admit not of illustration by experiment? Other nations, (he continued,) acknowledge not any fanciful distinction between the different sciences. In the numerous universities of the continent of Europe, it is by the lectures of the professors that a knowledge of jurisprudence, as well as of other sciences, is attained; and, by their successful exertions, schools of law have been formed, which have held as high a rank in public estimation, as the schools of medicine in this country deservedly hold. In America, too, the same course is pursued, and with the same success.

"Will it be asked, (he continued,) what has been the result of legal education on the continent?—the fame of their jurists affords a ready answer." If it could be thought that the difference between the civil law and our own formed any ground of distinction, he appealed to the results which had taken place in America; whose laws, he described, as having sprung from the same sources as our own; and showed that in all the recent and most important changes which have taken place in our laws, we were only following an example which had been set us by that country. He instanced, particularly, the abolition of fines and recoveries; the alterations as to barring dower; the making real estate assets for the payment of debts; the shortening the time of limitations of actions; and the very important alterations in the laws of inheritance. "With such results," he proceeded to ask, "can we doubt the value of the legal education of that country? Is it too much to presume, that it is the legal education of the Americans which has opened their eyes to the expediency of changes, to which we had so long remained blind—and which has enabled them to carry into execution measures, which it can now be our only praise, that we are not restrained by false notions of shame from imitating?" In some of those alterations, the Professor was of opinion, that they had gone further than sound policy warranted; and he particularly alluded to the abolition of the law of primogeniture.

The Professor then gave a detailed account of the mode of education formerly pursued at our Inns of Court, which he described in the words of Fortescue, as "our University of the Law;" and contended, that formerly the permission to practise at the Bar was as much a degree of honour as any of the degrees conferred at our other and more legitimate Universities. He then described the imperfections of the present system of legal instruction; the impossibility of the pupil's obtaining any competent knowledge of the principles of law in the office or chamber of the practitioner; and supported his opinions on the subject by a reference to the difficulties which he had himself encountered as a pupil; distinctly avowing, however, that the defects which he was exposing "were not the defects of individuals, but of systems." The Professor then dwelt on the importance of obtaining a knowledge of the principles of law, although he admitted the value of practical knowledge; and, alluded in terms of high praise,

to the announcement of courses of lectures at the new Law Institution in Chancery Lane; and to a similar announcement of a regular series of lectures, on legal subjects, by the Benchers of the Inner Temple.

After alluding to the existing and contemplated changes in our laws, the Professor pointed out, that the present was a moment which, whilst it rendered it peculiarly fitting and necessary for all persons in the different grades of society, to obtain a general acquaintance with the laws "under which they were living, and were to live," made it the imperative duty of the intended lawyer to "throw away no opportunity which might be offered to him, of advancing his knowledge of those laws, with the operation and application of which, under those existing and contemplated changes, the business of his future life would be connected."

THEATRICALS

THE PROJECTED "GRAND NATIONAL OPERA."

In pursuance of our promise, we proceed to give a sketch of the leading principles upon which it is proposed that the establishment under the above denomination shall be formed. Those who are comparatively ignorant of theatrical matters, and judge only of the effects they witness, without knowing what are the causes which produce those effects, may naturally enough point to the deserted benches of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and say, "what can be the use of building another theatre?" Without going, upon the present occasion, into the discussion of any subject so painful as that of the decline and fall of those doomed edifices, we merely, as an answer, state our conviction, that support in plenty is to be had, not only for the projected theatre, but for half a dozen more, provided each should adopt, and strictly preserve, a separate and distinct style of entertainment; and, provided also, each should be so managed as to let those entertainments be the best of their kind. It appears, that the present plan is agitated by Mr. G. H. Rodwell, the well-known composer and dramatic author; and, as it is intended for the general advancement of the science of music in this country, while it puts aside individual advantage to further the great cause of charity, it is entitled to especial attention: and Mr. Rodwell, who has been, and continues, indefatigable in his endeavours to bring it into operation, deserves well, not only of his brother Professors, but of all who love music or respect charity. We presume, that few will be found to object to the plan on the ground that we have already an "English Opera House." It is true that we have, or, rather had, and, perhaps, may have again, a building so called—but it is equally true, that the science of music has not advanced one jot through its means. We have not the slightest intention or wish to cast any reflection upon the highly-respectable gentleman who holds the English Opera licence—we can imagine that a thousand unforeseen difficulties may have arisen to thwart him in his original intention—facts are all that we have to do with.

NAME—The Grand National Opera.

OBJECT—For the exclusive encouragement of native talent in actors, authors, and composers.

PROFITS—After payment of expenses, to be divided amongst the different charities for the support of decayed musicians, their wives, and families.

FUND FOR BUILDING—To be raised by public subscription in donations of any amount down to a penny, so that the theatre, when erected, may be at once rent free.

MANAGEMENT—To be under Five Directors—viz. a Stage Director (or Manager)—a Musical Director—a Ballet Director—a Literary Director—and a Musical Examining Director.—

An election of Directors to take place every year, so that the competent may be retained, and the incompetent rejected.

REMUNERATION TO DIRECTORS—A moderate fixed salary, and (to secure their best exertions) a certain per-centage upon the profits.

AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS, AND HOW TO BE PAID—All works to be sent in without real names, which are not to be furnished unless the works are accepted. By these means, no existing prejudice will operate against an author or composer, and no established reputation will aid the candidate or tend to mislead his judges. All accepted works to be produced in the same rotation as they were sent in.

Authors to be paid a per-centage on the gross receipts of every evening their pieces are played, so that reward will increase with success.

LIBRARY—A library to be formed, in which all the musical scores of the great masters are to be collected. Students, properly recommended, to be admitted thereto gratuitously. There is no such public collection extant; and, without the aid of it, it is next to impossible for young musicians to arrive at eminence.

LECTURES—The Musical Director to be required to deliver a gratuitous lecture on music to the students once in every month.

A petition to His Majesty to grant a licence for the above-mentioned theatre is in preparation, and an opportunity will be afforded to every Professor in the United Kingdom to sign it.

If the project be generally and heartily taken up by the profession, there is little doubt that the licence will be at once granted, or that His Majesty will patronize it warmly.

At all events we have great pleasure in giving it our good word.

We have been favoured with a polite letter from Mr. Barnett, the composer, in which he informs us, that he himself originated a plan in some respects similar some time ago. Mr. Barnett memorialized the King, and was referred to the Lord Chamberlain, who refused a licence. It does not appear, however, that Mr. Barnett's views were so comprehensive as Mr. Rodwell's; and, moreover, the licence was asked for, though not wholly so, with a view to the personal advantage of the individuals applying. The present application will come before the authorities in a very different shape, and with far higher pretensions.

Mr. Barnett very properly disclaims having been actuated by either personal ambition or self-interest, and says, that if English music shall prove a gainer by the present project, no man will rejoice more heartily than himself. As we sincerely believe that it will be a gainer, we have only to commend the project to Mr. Barnett's cordial support.

THEATRE ROYAL, RICHMOND.

We visited this theatre a few evenings since for the purpose of witnessing the performance of *Mrs. Haller* in 'The Stranger' by Miss Ellen Faucit, the second daughter of Mrs. Faucit. The young lady has, we understand, only played *Juliet*, and one other character before. It is not her intention to appear before a London audience, until her studies shall be more matured, and practice shall have better fitted her for the ordeal. A few words upon her performance, therefore, will gratify ourselves, and do justice to rising merit, without danger of their being misconstrued into anything so foolish and so mischievous as preliminary puff. We should have preferred seeing her in some play better worthy of attention than this maudlin, mawkish compound of the German

"Sentimentibus lachrymarum."

+ In some cases we suspect this will be found to be impolitic. A dispensing power is therefore wanted, though it should be sparingly exercised.

but we could form a fair opinion of her, notwithstanding.

Without going into a minute criticism, which, under circumstances, would be unfair, we are happy to state, in the first place, that Miss Ellen Faucit's personal qualifications are above average—and that her mental powers are evidently of a high order. There was an ease, a grace, a propriety of action and demeanour, an apparent absence of study (and it should be only apparent), and withal a freshness about her general performance of the part, which charmed us. No point was made because others had made it before; and this was clear, because several of the established ones were passed over. Nor did it at all appear that such were "slighted off and disregarded," to avoid comparison with others. There is this peculiar difference observable between Miss Ellen Faucit and the generality of debutantes whom we have been accustomed to see—when she is being spoken to, her mind seems intent solely upon what is being said to her, as it naturally would be if she heard it, as she is supposed to do, for the first time. The consequence is, that her countenance takes the impress of what is being addressed to her; that there is no previous and obvious management of it to suit an answer which she is not supposed to know; and that the answer, when it comes, appears to be the spontaneous effusion of her own mind, instead of a well-conned speech. This is a rare merit, and one which ought to be, and will be, highly appreciated. To say that Miss Ellen Faucit has nothing to learn, would be to talk nonsense—which we beg it may be distinctly understood that the *Athenæum* never does. She has much to learn; but she has evidently both the inclination and the capability to learn it. We beg, on the other hand, to tell her candidly and sincerely, that, as far as we had the means of judging, she has nothing to unlearn. We have risked this prophetic opinion of the young lady in question upon our own judgment; and, with every good wish for her prosperity, we must request her to remember that we may hereafter be tried by it; and that therefore, if, whenever she comes, she should not bear us out in it, she will infallibly put the *Athenæum* in a passion.

MISCELLANEA

University of Dublin, Oct. 29th.—The gold medal for science has been awarded to John Eyre; and the gold medal for classics to Francis Crawford, scholar.

A Voyage to the East Coast of Greenland, by Captain Lieutenant Graah, of the Danish Royal Navy.—In this work Captain Graah has given an account of the expedition performed by him in the years 1828–31, by command of the Danish government, with the view of discovering some traces of the lost Icelandic colony, supposed by many to have been located on the east coast of Greenland. This expedition was in several points of view highly important, tending as it did to the solution of a curious historical problem, and entitles both the government which projected, and the individual who performed it, to the highest praise. The results of Captain Graah's expedition may be stated in a few words. He found no trace whatever of European colonization any where along the east coast, though he penetrated to a higher northern latitude than that under which the vanished colony, if ever located there at all, must have been situated. Though, however, he may thus be said to have failed in the principal object of the expedition, his narrative is not on that account the less interesting. In removing the doubts that hitherto prevailed upon this subject; in determining by personal examination as well as sound argument, that the *East Bygd*, as it was called, (the site of the vanished colony), lay, not on the East, but on the West coast of

Greenland, having been named *East* only in reference to another Bygd (or inhabited district, further west; in exploring an extensive tract of coast never before visited by Europeans, reaching from Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of Greenland, as far north as latitude 65½; and in furnishing a map of this coast, as well as a corrected one of the West Coast, Capt. G. has rendered an essential service to science. The work comprises—1st. An introduction, giving an account of the settlement of Greenland by the Icelanders, and a sketch of the History of the Colony up to the period of its supposed destruction by the *Skrellings* or Esquimaux, as well as notices of the various attempts that have been made, from the time of King Frederic II. to the present, to reach east coast, and re-discover the colony, or at least its site. 2d. The personal narrative of the expedition, comprising an account of a race of natives whom he met with on the east coast, differing in many points from the west Greenlanders, with a description of their manners, religion, mode of life, &c. 3d. Five Appendices, of which the first is devoted to a dissertation on the subject of the true site of the *Bygd*, and a critical examination of the various passages in the old Icelandic chronicles in which mention of it occurs—the others containing zoological, botanical, meteorological, and other scientific observations. A translation of this work, which may be regarded as no unworthy companion to the narratives of the various expeditions of our own distinguished navigators to the Polar seas, and particularly to that of Scoresby, has been made by an English gentleman, formerly a member of one of our universities, at present resident in Copenhagen, and, we understand, will shortly make its appearance in London.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

The *Revue Médicale* informs us, that when all other means fail in arresting hæmorrhage, a little oil of tobacco has immediately succeeded. That which collects in the stems of pipes which have been long smoked will answer perfectly. The discovery was made by Humel, a chemist at Berlin, and his mixture is eight ounces of distilled water, two drachms of oil of tobacco, and a few drops of ethereal animal oil. This has been found so effectual, that by a recent decree of the Minister of the Interior at Munich, all apothecaries are ordered to keep it prepared.

Maxims and Anecdotes from the Persian of Jami.—It is easier to root up a mountain with the point of a needle, than to take pride out of the human heart. Boast not of being free from pride; it lies more secret in the heart, and more imperceptible to the eye, than the track of an ant on a black stone in a dark night.—Trust not thy secrets lightly; what thou concealest, thou mayest at any time reveal; what thou hast once revealed can never again be hidden. Chosroes (Nushervan) used to say, "I never repented having kept silence; but often, for having spoken, I have rolled in despair on the ground wet with my blood."—A dervish was taken into favour by a powerful monarch, and long lived with him on intimate terms. At length he perceived the king's manners becoming cold, and reflecting on the cause of the change, he attributed it to his too frequent visits. From that moment he ceased to frequent the palace. One day the monarch met the dervish and asked "Why do you no longer come to visit me?"—"Because," replied he, "I should rather be asked *Why do you not come?* than, *Why do you come?*"—An Arab, having lost his camel, swore that if it was ever found, he would sell it for a single dirhem. The camel was found, but the owner was very unwilling to fulfil his rash oath. At length he adopted the following expedient; taking his cat, he entered the market proclaiming, "Who will buy a camel for a dirhem, and a cat for a hundred dirhems? but take notice, that one animal

will not be sold without the other."—Do you wish to become eminent? Render yourself conspicuous for industry and probity. It is the man makes station, not station the man.

Extraordinary Accident.—On Thursday evening, as two men were playing at backgammon, one of the men was accidentally thrown into a cup of hot tea, and considered as totally lost. After a short search, however, he was extricated from his novel position, and one of the society, more humane than the rest, having wiped him dry, he was found to have escaped without material injury, and was immediately restored to his companions.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds. | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Tues. 31 | 67 47 | 29.80 | N. to N.W. | Cloudy. |
| Frid. 1 | 64 44 | 29.75 | SW to NW. | Rain, a.m. |
| Sat. 2 | 64 41 | 29.80 | S.W. to W. | Cloudy. |
| Sun. 3 | 53 23 | 29.00 | W. | Ditto. |
| Mon. 4 | 52 33 | 30.02 | W. | Ditto. |
| Tues. 5 | 54 44 | 30.10 | S.W. | Rain. |
| Wed. 6 | 56 43 | 29.95 | S.W. | Cloudy. |

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus.
Mean temperature of the week, 49° 5. Greatest variation, 33°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.00.
Nights fair. Mornings fair for the greater part of the week.—Day decreased on Wednesday 7 h. 16 m.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The Second Part of Goodwin's Domestic Architecture, in which will be given some illustrations of the New Town Hall, Manchester, will speedily appear; the letter-press to this portion of the work, is by W. H. Leeds, Esq.

A Journal of Botany, by Dr. Hooker; to be published every Three Months.

Travelling Memoirs, during a Tour through Belgium, Rhineland Prussia, Germany, Switzerland, and France, by Thomas Dyke, jun.

A Second Volume of Bland's Collections from the Greek Anthology, by J. H. Merivale.

A Treatise on the Valuation of Property for the Poor's Rate, by J. S. Baylton.

Just published.—The Keepsake, for 1834, 12. 1s.—Amethyst, or, Christian's Annual, for 1834, 8s. 6d.—Library for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, (Lives of Eminent Persons), 8vo. 10s.—Musical Gem, for 1834, 15s.—Hunters' Tutor for Piano, 10s. 6d.—Phillips's Lectures on Painting, 8vo. 13s.—Bagshaw on Man, 2 vols. 8s. 16s.—Trevelyan, 3 vols. post. 31s. 6d.—England and America, 2 vols. 8s. 18s.—The White Rose Wreath, and other Poems, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Selections from the Writings of Fenelon, by an American Lady, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Sacred Offering, for 1834, royal 32mo. 4s. 6d.—Wall's Christ Crucified, a Poem, 8vo. 12s.—Poems of John Galt, Esq., 8vo. 5s.—Fruits and Flowers, 32mo. 3s. 6d.—Gravely's Illustrations of Abortion, 4to. 2l. 2s.—Dance's Dissertation on the Dance of Death, with 55 woodcuts, 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Scrope's Political Economy, post. 7s. 7s.—Stories from History of Wales, 6s. 3s. 6d.—Mary Stuart, from the German, and the Plains of Dura, 8vo. 6s.—Blair's History of the Waldenses, 2 vols. 21s.—History of Wales, by W. Evans and Llew. 8vo. 14s.—Colton's Foss, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—Rev. J. H. Newman's Ariens of 4th Century, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Nœmie, ou la Secur de la Misericorde, par A. de B., 5s.—Adcock's Engineer's Pocket Book, for 1834, 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. A. had better refer us to some published work. We are obliged to W., but, having long since made our arrangements, must decline.

Incongruity.—W.—M. P.—M. I.—R. H. received. It is possible that W. W., of Chelsea, can have published a volume of *Poems*, and yet never have heard of William Wordsworth?

A Subscriber is surely in error, respecting the distressed situation of the Artist mentioned. We were heretofore applied to on the subject, and immediately and anxiously inquired, so far as was consistent with delicacy, but the report did not appear true; but, if our correspondent has any authority for what he states, let him communicate with us more fully.

We have received a letter from Mr. W. F. G. Waldron, son of the continuator of Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd,' in which he quotes a passage from the preface to Colman, Sen.'s 'Plebe on Several Occasions, 1787,' to show that that dramatist was not responsible for the edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, printed in 1778. We thank Mr. Waldron for his communication, which sets the author of 'Some Account of the English Stage,' right, on a point of importance. Colman asserts, in the preface alluded to, that he never saw a line of the edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, until near two volumes were printed," but that he afterwards took some interest in the publication.

Erratum.—In p. 733, col. 3, (last week's No.) the name of "Sir William Jones," was inserted in the first paragraph, instead of *Sir Charles Wilkins*.

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